



TRANSLATION / KUMAR SIVASUBRAMANIAN

BER

HIROKI ENDO 遠藤浩輝

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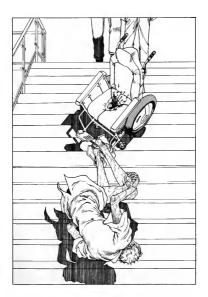


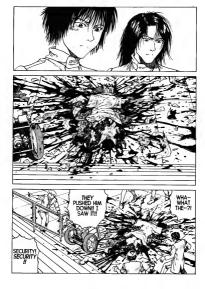






























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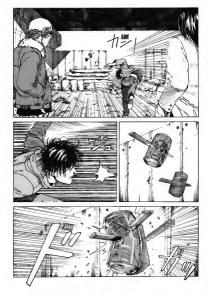














































IN ALL OF HISTORY, NO SUCH THING HAS EVER EXISTED.

TO THEM PART OF 1 NEED TO

SURVIVE THIS REALITY.



AT THIS VERY MOMENT. OVER HALF OF THE WORLD'S POPULATION IS FIGHTING JUST TO HAVE ENOUGH TO

EAT.

















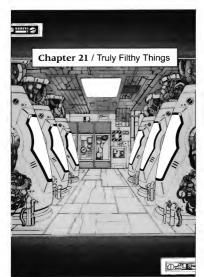






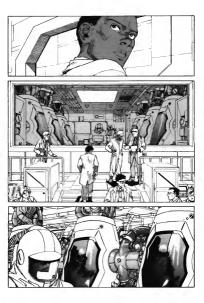


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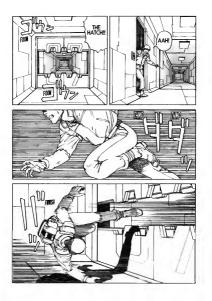
























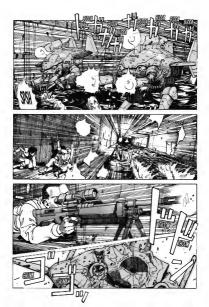


































Chapter 21 / End























































...THAT THEY
COULD BE MASS
PRODUCED AS
LOW-COST
SOLDIERS WHO
WERE AT LEAST
VERY HARD TO
KILL...AND THAT
WAS GOOD
ENOUGH.





















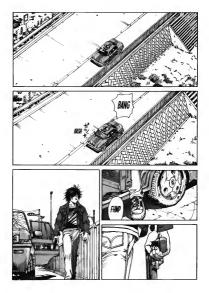














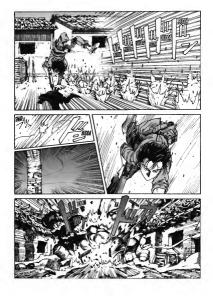


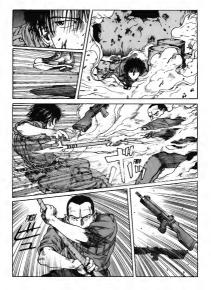
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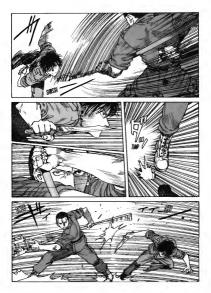






















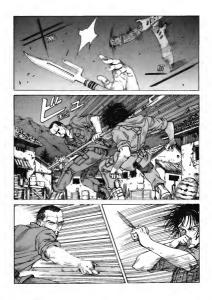












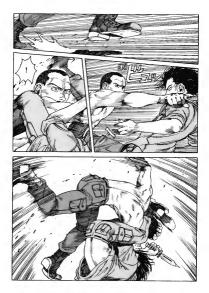






















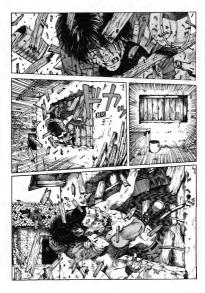














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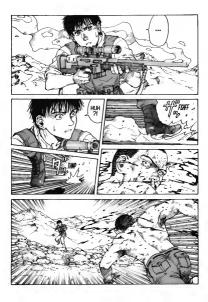














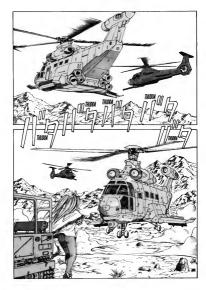
























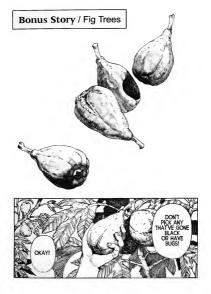


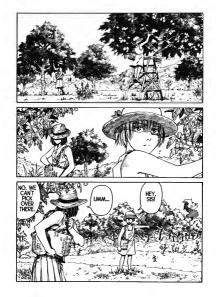






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EDEN 9 / End

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AFTERWORD

I think I was in junior high school when I realized that I had been growing up in a so-called middle-class home.

For elementary and junior high. I had gone to nublic schools, where I encountered all types of neonle. In elementery school, everyone got along pretty well and played together. but when I got to junior high even individual classes became divided into something like factions or tribes. In my case, I would be drawing pictures in class and the rough kids would snatch my sketchbooks away and draw dicks or whatever else they wanted all over them. And I would get kicked around in the hallways, saving "Quit it!" and "Stop it!" while pretending to laugh it off. I was what you'd cell "one of the bullied." Of course, there were other kids that got bullied far worse than me. but at the time I wondered if I wasn't doing something myself to cause this harassment. Looking back on it now. I don't bear any grudges but back then I truly hated them.

There was one particularly obstinate kid among the billies who always beat on me like I was his sworn enemy. Naturally, I used to think to myself "I'll slick it back to him one day," until finally I decided that 'none day," until finally I decided that 'none day' was 'noday." I looked up his address in the class register and went to his house to ambush him.

What I found there was actually what used to be old terrace houses taken over by the government's housing corporation. Row after row of two-story apartments made of bare, yellowing concrete. There was nothing approaching affluence here by any standerds. These days, it's what we'd call a 'ghetto.'

It was evening, and as I hid in the shadows of a washing machine, waiting for my target to get home from his extracurricular activities, I could hear angry shouting coming from inside the house. I couldn't make it out very clearly, but it sounded like his mother was creening at his table for direkting all a flemoon and not getting a job. Something like that. The smell of trying a job. Something like that. The smell of trying fash came walfiles out through the oil-stained ventilation fan. In that instant, I lost my will to gift had may struck by an odd sense of guilt. I turned around and trudged on home. The next turned around and trudged on home. The next protecting to low of the damped. He kept on butlying me, and I would say "Quilt it" and "Stop it!" while proteening to lough it off.

This isn't a particularly good or bed memory for me or anything. It's just a sad story, But to this day, for some reason I can't explain, every once in a while, the smell of the frying fish from that day comes drifting up in my memories.

-Hiroki Endo January 2001



Hiroki Endo

With the world reeling from the aftereffects of a devastating pandemic,
civilization is ton between the laws and ways of
the old world and a new order where cybernetic
implants are commorpiace and "might means
right." Elijah and his comrades-in-arms attempt
to find a sells heaven, with Propater's gruesome
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tile in one of the most intense hand-to-hand
combat sequences in post-apocalyptic literature!

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This collection is translated into English but oriented in right-to-left reading format, as originally published.









